Sung by M:r Dearle *at Ranelagh*

On Pleaſures ſmooth Wings how old Time ſteals away, E'er

Love's fatal Flame leads the Shepherd aſtray, My Days O ye Swains were a round of delight, from the

cool of the Morn, to the ſtill-neſs of Night, No care found a place in my Cottage or Breaſt, But Health and Con-

-tent all the Year was my Gueſt, No care found a place in my Cottage or Breaſt, But Health and Content all the

Year was my Gueſt.

Sym:

2

'Twas then no fair PHILLIS my Heart cou'd enſnare
With Voice, or with Feature, with Dreſs, or with Air,
So kindly young CUPID had pointed the Dart,
That I gather'd the ſweets, but I miſs'd of the ſmart:
I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like the Bee,
But ſtill all my Song was I'll ever be free.

3

'Twas then ev'ry Object freſh raptures did yield,
If I ſtray'd thro' the Garden, or traverſ'd the Field,
Ten thouſand gay ſcenes were diſplay'd to my ſight,
If the Nightingale ſung, I cou'd liſten all Night:
With my Reed I cou'd Pipe to the tune of the Stream,
And wake to new Life from a rapt'rous Dream.

4

But now ſince for HEBE in ſecret I ſigh,
Alaſs! what a change! and how wretched am I,
Adieu to the Charms of the Valley and Glade,
Their ſweets now all ſicken, their Colours all fade;
No Muſick I find in ſoft PHILOMEL'S Strain,
And the Brook o'er the Pebbles now murmurs in vain,

5

They ſay that ſhe's kind, but no kindneſs I ſee,
On others ſhe ſmiles, but ſhe frowns upon me,
Then teach me, bright VENUS, perſuaſion's ſoft Art,
Or aid me by reaſon to ranſom my Heart:
To crown my deſire, or to baniſh my pain,
Give Love to the Nymph, or give eaſe to the Swain.